

THE GRAPHIC COUSINS' COT

A PHOTO. OF COUSIN PARRAU'S GIFT FOR THE HEAD OF THE COT.

CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'COUSIN KATE, care of the Lady Editor, GRAPHIC Office, Auckland.'

Write on one side of the paper only.

All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post-office as follows:—Not exceeding 40s, 4d; not exceeding 40s, 1d; for every additional 20s or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Commercial papers only'

DEAR COUSINS.—I am just going up to the Hospital to see a poor little child who has been put into our cot. The Lady Superintendent tells me they fear the leg will have to be amputated. If this child is, as I believe, the one we want, we will keep it in our cot. I am going to take some flowers and the scrap-book up. The head-piece is not finished, the framer being very busy. Yesterday's holiday and I imagine the early closing to-day interfering with work. However, that can be sent up. I will see about this child and tell you all I learn next week. The courteous secretary of the Hospital Board desires me to heartily thank all the cousins for the cot, which is a most welcome addition to the children's ward. The Lady Superintendent has most kindly marked all the linen and blankets 'GRAPHIC Cousins' Cot.' Is not that kind of her? She also most kindly says she will take any cousin any afternoon to see the child. So please go.—COUSIN KATE.]

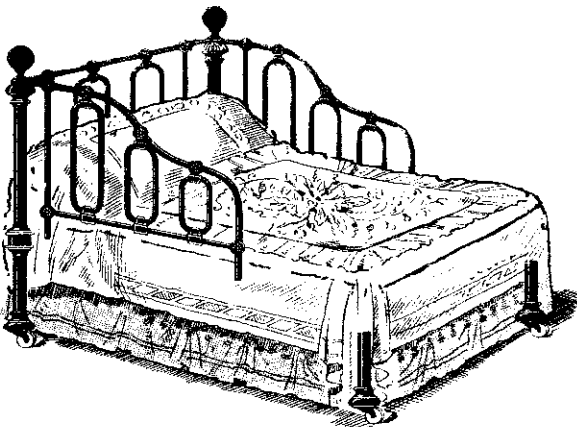
DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am very sorry not to have sent my collection before, but 'better late than never,' even if the amount is as small as mine is. Would you like to know where I spent my Christmas holidays? I spent them at Mr F. G. Brett's farm, Gore Grove, Normanby, where I enjoyed myself thoroughly. At the time I was staying there the hay was being cut and stacked, and I had such lots of rides on the sweep. Mr Brett's farm is not very far from Mr Baton's, so I went up to the latter place, and stayed there for a few days. Mrs Baton is very fond of gardening, and has a very lovely fruit and flower garden. While there I tasted raspberries for the first time in my life. Mr Brett has also a very nice fruit garden at his place. I went home on Saturday, after having spent eight most delightful days on two very beautiful farms. Next time I write to you I will tell you all about the picnic of St. Joseph's School, Hawera, which is to take place on the 17th of March. I believe they are going to Patea. His Grace Archbishop Redwood has been up in Hawera holding a mission. He has been here for a week. On Sunday, the 1st of March, the First Communion and Confirmation were held. A very large congregation assembled at both services. The Confirmation sermon was most impressive. At three o'clock on the same Sunday the new convent was opened by His Grace, assisted by the Rev. Father Mulvihill. Previous to the opening there was a large procession, in which I walked. First there was carried a large banner, and then the smaller boys and girls, followed by the bigger boys and girls belonging to St. Joseph's school. After these came the choir, who sang hymns while the procession walked. Some ladies and gentlemen came behind the choir, then the altar boys, who preceded His Grace and the Rev. Father Mulvihill. When the procession reached the foot of the new convent steps it stopped, while a passage was made for His Grace, the Rev. Father, and the altar boys. Then the convent was opened with the usual ceremony which attends matters like these. They then went into the convent. After some little time they returned, and came on to the verandah. Miss K. Whittaker went up and read an address to His Grace. When she had finished she knelt and received his blessing. Then he said a few appropriate words to the many people gathered in the grounds, and the affair was over. All the school girls in the procession were dressed in white, with wreaths of white flowers attached to white veils, which looked very pretty. The Rev. Mother from Wanganui came up for the occasion. Now, my dear Cousin Kate, I think I had better end my letter, so I will say good-bye.—With love from COUSIN ILMA.

P.S.—I have enclosed Post-office order for the amount of 7s 6d in this letter. Please excuse blots, as I am in a hurry.—ILMA.

[Many thanks for your nice interesting letter, and also for your collection, which you see helps to build up our fund again. I shall soon, I hope, have to withdraw £6 5s for the first quarter's payment for a child. Please tell us about your picnic. I am sure all the cousins will be interested in your letter this week. Did you have cream with your raspberries? When I was down South about

five years ago I had raspberries and cream, and I think them superior to strawberries. In England we used chiefly to eat the white ones, leaving the red for cooking.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am going to tell you all about my holidays. I left Auckland on Thursday, the 10th of December. Having some friends on board, I enjoyed the trip very much, but I was very sorry that they got off at New Plymouth. My father met me at Wellington on Saturday, 21st, and I stayed there till Monday evening. I got to Lyttelton the next morning early, and then by train to Christchurch (we go through a tunnel and it takes five minutes to go through it), and then we went straight to Sumner, where I stayed a week, then I went and stayed a fortnight at Christchurch, and then went back to Sumner and stayed a fortnight there again. Sumner is by the sea, so I was down on the beach nearly every day. On the beach there are donkeys, and you pay threepence for a ride. There are boat-swings and see-saws and a merry-go-round and you pay the same for a ride on one of these. There is also a big rock with a cave right through it, and a long jetty to walk up and down. Then I left there and went by train to Timaru. There was a beach there also. I have four cousins there, such nice children. One was only six, and her tongue is never still. I stayed there a month, and then came home. I enjoyed my holiday



A PHOTO. OF 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT IN AUCKLAND HOSPITAL.

very much. I hear you have got the cot. Is it true? If it is may I go and see it in the hospital? Now I must say good-bye to you and all the cousins.—From your loving COUSIN AGNES, Auckland.

[What a very pleasant time you seem to have had! Yes, we have actually bought the cot, as you will have seen by the GRAPHIC ere this. I should have liked to get all the cousins to help in choosing it, but of course that was impossible, so I thought the one who first suggested it had the best right to represent the cousins. Do you not think so? Yes, you may go and see it, but wait until I have been up and put the title over the top. It is at the framer's now, but when it comes back, I will take it up.—COUSIN KATE.]

MY DEAR COUSINS.—I am going to write and tell you of a very interesting event which occurred this week, namely, the buying of the Cousins' Cot, so it is now an accomplished fact. I received a very nice note from Cousin Kate, telling me that she had enough money to buy the cot and pay for six months' maintenance at the Hospital, and asking me if I would not like to go with her and buy it. Of course I was only too pleased to do so, and make Cousin Kate's acquaintance. So behold me at 2.30 on Wednesday last at Mr Garlick's in Queen-street. Cousin Kate soon arrived. After talking for a little, we proceeded to the important business of buying the cot, bedding, etc. I was not much assistance in that way, but Cousin Kate selected a nice iron cot painted brown, and I am sure when it has its nice head piece with its design 'GRAPHIC Cousins Cot' put on it, it will look quite swell. This drape was worked by a boy cousin. Now we want a child to put in it. After this business was satisfactorily settled, Cousin Kate brought me down to the Star office, where she showed me the whole process of printing the GRAPHIC, and especially drew my attention to the Children's Column. Cousin Kate then took me up to her room, where she writes and receives the cousins' letters. Shortly afterwards I bade her good-bye, thanking her for her pleasant afternoon, and she asked me to write

and give you an account of it. Now, dear cousins, I must say good-bye with love to you all and Cousin Kate.—FROM COUSIN MURIEL.

[Thank you for writing the description of our day's work for those cousins who could not go with us. Do you like the hot weather we are having, and did you have a holiday on St. Patrick's Day and go for a picnic? I wrote some cousins' letters quietly at home, whilst everyone round had gone, in various conveyances, to the Waitakeri Falls.—COUSIN KATE.]

'MY DOLLY.'

THERE'S one thing about my dolly
That no other dolly's got;
What it is I'm going to tell you,
And you'll see it can't be bought—
Like the dress, the shoes, the stockings
And everything so neat
That go to make the *tout ensemble*
Of a dolly all complete.

Of course most dollies have bright hair,
But whose has hair like mine?
And all have eyes like heavenly gems,
But none like dolly's shine.

Her rosebud mouth so plump and sweet,
Whose can with it compare?
There isn't such another mouth
No, not anywhere.

Around that mouth, when dolly's laid
In bed and fast asleep,
The fairies love to sit and dance
And kiss those dimples deep,
And whisper in her tiny ears
Sweet fancies for her dreams,
So when my dolly opens her eyes

And smiles a smile no other doll
Can smile—I'll tell you why—
Because it is my dolly's smile
And lives within her eye.
But I know why my dolly smiles
With such a joy supreme;
The fairies made her fancy she
Was with me in her dream.

But this is what my dolly has
No other doll can keep;
It isn't dress or hair or eyes,
Or even dimples deep.
For many dollies have them, too,
And glory in them all;
But then you see, 'twixt you and me,
My heart is in my doll.

HENRY STANLEY.

PUZZLE COLUMN.

TRANSPOSITION.

I've found inscriptions on a —
Some curious — that do relate

How — lead water to the wheel,
To run the mill and grind the meal.

Such stories may be —, but true;
I'll — the time to read them through

And if they should not turn out well,
At — I'm not responsible.

The omitted words are all spelled with the same five letters, by transposing.—A FRIEND.

[I have put your riddle in, but rather protest against the third line.—COUSIN KATE.]

LEARNING TO WRITE.

ETHEL, according to her own schoolgirl phrasing, 'hated' to write compositions, and her dislike was about evenly divided between the burden of selecting her own subject and the embarrassment of having one chosen for her. In the first case, she never knew what to take, and in the last, the teacher, according to her prejudiced fancy, seemed bound to select the very topic about which she knew nothing, and in which she had no interest. Finally, on a miserable Saturday when her composition was, after much tribulation, finished, she freed her mind to Aunt Laura.

'Nothing to write about!' said auntie. 'Dear me, what a pity, in this big world full of interesting things!